

The Omen · Volume 45, Issue 3

IN THIS ISSUE...

| p 4 - 11 |
|--------------|
| р 4 |
| p 8 |
| p 10 |
| p 12 - 25 |
| р 12 |
| p 14 - 15 |
| p 16 |
| p 17 |
| p 19 |
| p 26 - 35 |
| p 26, 28, 29 |
| p 31 |
| p 32 - 33 |
| p 35 |
| |

Staff Box:

B -

Grace - Jeans w/ pockets
Rowan - Full expulsion of omen
Shelley - 100% full communism
Joseph - Freedm from MEN
Justice - #legalize naturopathy
Shannon - Kanye as president
Chloe - Invisibility cloaks
Shivani - Hair dye that changes color
Alex - My goddamn hoverboards!
Ezra - A hot alien boyfriend
Daniel - Legalized Ranch, bruchacho
Victoria - World domination in a hyperrealistic rat suit

Front Cover: Chloe Omelchuck Back Cover: B Corfman

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu, or B's mailbox (1666)

olicy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish.

Your submission must include the name you use around campus: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill in the company of a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

EDITORIAL

Beatrice Evelyn Corfman

Hello, dear Omenites

I'm sorry this is going out so late. I don't really have any specific excuses, except mostly that life sucks and I feel awful (how much of campus knows about my emotional problems, at this point, do you think?)

For those wondering about last issue's editorial, yeah, that was a markov chain of all my previous editorials

Hopefully, the content of this issue makes up for it. We've got a lot of great pieces, so thanks! It's always nice to have a lot of good things in here. The Omen only exists because of you, etc etc. I also want to thank Chloe, intrepid first year, for all her work laying out the last few issues.

On that note, seriously, come check us out. It's not like we're some mysterious man-hating monolith-worshipping cult. We just hate men and worship a monolith and think the student body should be executed. And we've got great taste in music and food! By the time this comes out, layout will either be happening tonight or have already happened (whoops), but still! This next layout is for the COLOR ISSUE, so look forward to that.

On an unrelated note, how did people feel about hampshire halloween this year? I've seen a lot of mixed opinions - some people think it's dead, other people really liked how much less of a giant mass of people and loudness it was. I'm kind of in the latter camp, but I pretty decidedly hate large loud groups of people.

Anyway, I appreciate a lot hat there weren't tickets sold freely at the other colleges (this year, we only sold tickets through the vouchers you got in your mailboxes). Apparently, way back when, we didn't used to sell tickets at all - so says someone at my optometrist's office who worked for campo back in the late 90s (it was called public safety back then, fun fact!). Actually, she also said she stopped working here because of hampshire halloween.

Anyway, I hope you all continue submitting great content. And I know we didn't send out any announcements about it, but hopefully this color issue os a good one, too. If it's still Thursday, 11/5 when you're reading this, it's not to late to submit color content! Hell, if you submit things a few days after Thursday I'll see that they make the cut.

Good luck with the rest of your semester <3. Your mental health is super important, and I hope you manage to fit in some self-care in the midst of upcoming finals. Maybe take a small break before those start, see what you can do for yourself during thanksgiving break. We have a sauna on campus if that's your thing, and there's a bathtub available for use in the Wellness Center in Enfield

Until next time,

Your editor, B Corfman



(thanks, fundcom!)

Section Speak

In response to pages 16-17 in Omen's issue 1 this year.

Dear Omen,

dear tim raxworthy,

i commend your care for the wildflowers (yeah, why call it wildflowers if you're gonna mow em?), but you described the face of the person mowing the lawn as a "stack of pancakes". that is dehumanizing and disrespectful. i understand it's easy to demonize people whose actions we dislike, but i guarantee you this person had little to do with the choice of whether the flowers are getting mowed down or not. i wish it was as easy to stand up for what we believe in as it is to call J Lash a pizza face, but it is much, much harder. and ad hominem never works.:

best, Tatyana Gorbunova

p.s. hawks have to eat too! circle of life, man *passes joint*

I'd like to talk to you about a problem that I've been having recently here at good ol' Hampshire College. Now, I am not the most prolific social butterfly that ever lived, but I'm not a recluse either. I've done at least, like, 5 separate things since I transferred to Hampshire in S14. Maybe 6 things. I know people. I move and shake. Granted, I have been living in a bit of a Div III bubble since September, but every once in a while I do manage to get off my ass and go to a social event.

Here's the problem: at said social event, somebody always inevitably asks me if I'm a firstie. They do this in an attempt to make polite conversation, and to rationalize the fact that they've never seen me before in their life. But it does get pretty awkward when I have to say "Uhhhh weeeeeell aaaaactually I'm a Div III." So I've been preparing a list of other things that I can say to spice up the conversation a bit:

- 1. Yes, I was a firstie when I died!
- 2. I'M ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.
- 3. Actually, I don't go here. I don't go to any of the five colleges. I live in a hole under Greenwich with the groundhogs.
- 4. Your mom's a firstie, ehhehehe
- 5. Time is an illusion, the entropy of the universe is inevitable, and death is coming for us all. What did you say your name was again?

Remember, the next time you meet a stranger on campus, they might not be a first year (maybe the fact that I'm short has something to do with this? We all know that none of us are growing anymore, right?). Your friend group is not the be-all and end-all of the Hampshire population, and socially integrating as a transfer when you're not very outgoing is a big awkward mess. However, for all my wacky social phobias, I'm actually pretty cool and worth knowing and also ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND GRADUATING IN MAY so, like. Last chance to be my friend. This train is leaving the station, buds, and I'm taking my shining personality and extensive knowledge of Alexander Hamilton fun facts with me. Byeeeeee.

Love,

Noelle, who is not a first year and is in fact a Div III, in case you didn't get that.



Good day my cherished friends, to whom shall I address this sultry poem?

To God? to Nature? to Mr. Redenbacher down below?

I'm dressed for the occasion. Avoided mastication of the kidneys.

Although the time for saving the Earth has passed and now we're gonna

Drown in the Arctic waters like the tigers of the Tbilisi.

Too bad if the House of Representatives took more than they could chew.

If anything, I'd like to stroke the bedposts all with almond butter.

Although the suckling pig can't sing and dance the chorus still find pleasure

Painting the statues in chartreuse.

The fuzz will never throw them in the hoose-cow. How can they while their chasing all the moose now.

For every time you get some place You'll ultimately get stabbed right in the face.

Absent minded cross-cut hatchet yielding man with purple skin

Catch him while you can! Catch him while you can!

Yield the western hopscotch jumper drinking scotch with John and Jim.

Who the hell's this man? Buried in the sand?

I took a lump of sugar

And I staged a production of "Macbeth" with squirrels

If only there were feta cheese, cilantro, and girls You might have saved Connecticut From ultimately getting it.

Fuck the system, that's all right Take your shoes to the Qs for a bite. 'Round them before its night For the Old Prime Meridian.

"Talent! Talent! That's what we need" The children cry while the seniors bleed. "If we don't get it, we will feed On the ones too soft for the squabble!"

Quiet! The eggs are sleeping. Quiet! Their hearts are beating. Mysteries insist that I take limes and squeeze them in the biding time.

Trojan chestnuts in the hydrant Take them while you have your lungs. Make them cake them with cement Until we reach Valhalla!

Save the date for Blue November We'll go on a quick HoneycombTM hunt Please don't take them to the gutter And feed them to the putrid geese.

Make way for the new colloquial feast With gophers, hedgehogs, frogs and yeast. But why are we treated as the least Of that life's provided.

Flamboyant zebras of coriander-lime If only we had more time...

Bhzihat zip-shnoddle—schitzen bottle Every time the day ends, no good feelings take the reins.

I-we-she-they-oh-why-it-no-then - - -

"If anyone has misplaced a pair of sequence leather flamingo-hats, please come to the front desk for questioning" - Ibid. 71



The Omen · Volume 45, Issue 3 The tragic backstory of how I became Human Hampedia

by Shelley Rosen

Many of you know me as the Hampshire knowit-all. Human Hampedia. Google for Hampshire things. I literally won a Hampshire Trivia Contest against forty five years of alumni. I think trivia is fun and funny but there are a lot of things I have memorized that aren't really trivia... Regardless I know them. Everyone knows that they can come to me whenever they have a Hampshire question.

This article is about how this happened and why I'm no longer going to be Hampshire encyclopedia for people. (Exception: firsties, you can still ask me questions. But only until you pass div 1)

Trigger Warnings: Institutional Abuse, Mental Health & Ableism, Cults??, Codependent Abuse, Communal Abuse (bullying?), Sexual Assault,

(Bet you didn't expect those trigger warnings on my story about learning Hampshire Trivia)

I grew up attending a very small isolated K-12 school in the middle of the woods which, as time goes on, I more and more wonder if it could be classified as a cult. When you spend twelve years of your life somewhere, you do just naturally accrue a lot of knowledge about the place. By the time I graduated, I had literally been in every possible room and space on campus including every off-limits area. (Usually with special permission)

This all intensified at 14, because I was being bullied for being neuroatypical and "gay" (gender non-conforming really... There was nobody else to Be Gay With so it wasn't really about that y'know). When I tried to report my bullies, I had to memorize the School Rules and Procedures so I could really push against attempts to defend them. I learned environmental information memorization as a coping skill.

The thing is, this community was so isolated, so

small, that I didn't even realize that the whole community had been treating me like shit all 12 years for my neuroatypicality. The bullies targeted something I knew from television is something you get bullied for. But otherwise the way I was disposable trash, as trans women often are before and after transition, wasn't apparent to me until I came to Hampshire and was confronted by a completely different world. In fact, I began to very slowly and painfully realize the toxic ways I hadn't been allowed to criticize the school or community, sheltered from anything I could compare it to, and raised on the belief that I had been growing up in a utopia.

So I was trying to suppress all that while at Hampshire. I'm in a new world where I know nothing and I'm used to being in a world where I know the names of every person and the insides of every room. I naturally just try to compensate by trying to learn about my environment, and having weird amounts of Hampshire Pride over nothing. (I had been taught you're supposed to be very proud of the institution you're in and praise it and defend it.)

Then, during first-year, I met my abuser, (well, he wasn't yet) who was kinder to me than anyone had ever been before and he didn't even know me. At this point I'm still trying to come to terms with possibly having C-PTSD from a possible cult and this guy's like "I care about you" and I'm like "what does that mean I have never heard these words before."

So when that guy goes on to manipulate me into a co-dependant relationship so he could "fix me" and mold me into a man he'd want to have sex with, then sexually assaulted me when it turned out I wasn't a man at all, its kinda fucking traumatizing again, in this new environment, where I don't know anyone or anything because it was so easy for this dude to isolate me from nearly everyone I could've been meeting during my first semester.

So I end up, during my second semester, going through an investigation against him and overcompensating for my lack of friends by attending every single possibly student group in a

Volume 45, Issue 3 · The Omen

week that I could attend (my div1 advisor helped me only take 2 real classes that semester cuz of the title IX shit). The Hampshire administration also is totally fucking up every single part of the investigation on every side and the case keeps getting handed around to different people.

In order to get through this investigation, I do what I did with my bullies. I read the student handbook and advocated for the written rules. I learned every staff's position and who their superiors were so when Renee Freedman was fucking shit up I knew how to go up the chain of command. This resulted in me eventually knowing the names and positions of every single member of the Student Life staff that year, as well as everyone in the HR department. I interacted with most of them.

Meanwhile, during my second year, I'm realizing I have no friends. Why would anyone want me around anyway? I'm an intense little ball of trauma that nobody got a chance to know anyway and they're only ever around me cuz I keep showing up to their student groups. (I did have a few friends actually but at the time I didn't value individual friendships as much because I was bad at 1-on-1 interactions)

But it does get noticed that I sure do know a lot about Hampshire??? Like, at that point it was really just the positions of people in Student Life, and student government nonsense. When people first started asking me questions about Hampshire, I would even say "well, I really just know like, the student life hierarchy, cuz of having just gone through a title IX investigation" but people tended to ignore that and ask when add/drop ends.

Knowing Things About Hampshire, I came to realize, made me Useful. People would keep me around so they could have access to me as a source of information, and I would see it as "helping my friend." They could tolerate the intense ball of trauma for the useful info.

Over time, I became closer to people around me in healthier ways. I became legit friends with a lot of people, but still I had come to learn so much more about Hampshire because providing this service of keeping all this knowledge would make people want to keep me around. I had people where literally my entire relationship to them was being asked questions and I considered us friends and didn't want to lose them. And I had had a few friends who I thought our relationship was more than me being their Google but then when I didn't know the answer to something, the friendship ended.

Unsure that any of my friends were actually my friends and not just more elaborately keeping me around for the Service I provided, I made sure to continue to always be willing to help and to always know the answer or where to find it. I found myself googling things for people so I could appear to know the answer. I even kept getting hired as an orientation leader where I was even getting paid to answer questions.

Everyone would humorously remark on how much I knew. It was weird. (It was a neuroatypical thing to do) they never knew that it came from a place of trauma and fear. It got to the point that I wouldn't even notice every time I got asked a question, but I also realized it got to the point that every time I got asked a question I became less sure that that person was an actual friend. I felt more like a Pet or a Service Droid. Without the answer I'm defective and disposed of.

I hate this. I hate having a humorous reputation for a learned behavior that comes from 15 traumatic years of learning to be disposable if I don't make myself useful. If I don't Serve Those Above Me (neurotypicals, more socially adept people). Someone said I should be a librarian and its true that I'd be good at it but I also really really don't want this to be my life. I want to recover and heal and not be so Hypervigilant all the time.

So I officially quit being Human Hampedia. I hope you all understand now why the next time a div 3 asks me when add/drop ends I'm going to give a snarky joke answer cuz seriously how are you div 3 and still don't know where the academic calendar is (its at http://bfy.tw/2DfU).

The Omen · Volume 45, Issue 3 Hey

folks! So I'm sure a lot of you fine people have heard about this thing call steampunk. You know, the thing where people dress up like they're in Victorian England but with more gears? Yeah that stuff. You know what's better than romanticizing the past with its dirty and inefficient technologies? Romanticizing the future and clean environmentally friendly technology!

Okay so maybe it doesn't sound so cool like that, but it's name is badass. Let me introduce you to Solarpunk! Solarpunk is basically what I said before, it seeks to look into the near future and imagine a world that's clean, fresh, and technologically advanced.

Just picture it, the skies over green coloured cities free from the brown and grays of smog. The roads are solar, the energy is fossil free, and the products we produce are almost entirely based in recycled material. But ya know, awesomely recycled, or crudely recycled, whatever your aesthetic prefers.

Hopefully I've gotten your attention, and I think now is the time to direct it towards Solarpunk on the Internet. Check it out! Use Tumblr, brag about it on Facebook, look up #solarpunk on Twitter (I have no idea what's actually on Twitter in concern to solarpunk so if something goes wrong I hereby relinquish all responsibility).

I personally like to imagine Solarpunk as looking a bit like the aesthetic of modern Apature Labs from Portal 2, except more transparent and less murderous/dangerous.

Anyways, if your super invested now and want to contribute something/read something awesome about Solarpunk.

I will know unabashedly plug this

magazine called Solarpunk Press, see you know it's important because it's bolded.

So go forward possible
future fans of Solarpunk!
Who knows, perhaps
someday we'll
finally get those
hoverboards!

Back to the Future Day come and went and I'm infinitely disappointed in how this campus celebrated... By not celebrating! Great scott what's wrong with ya'll?? Did you just not get to see how amazing Back to the Future was? Come on, think mates, think!

Well I had fun at the Back to the Future marathon on the 21st. We might not have hover-boards, or flying cars, or self-lacing sneakers... Or... Self-drying jackets... Or...

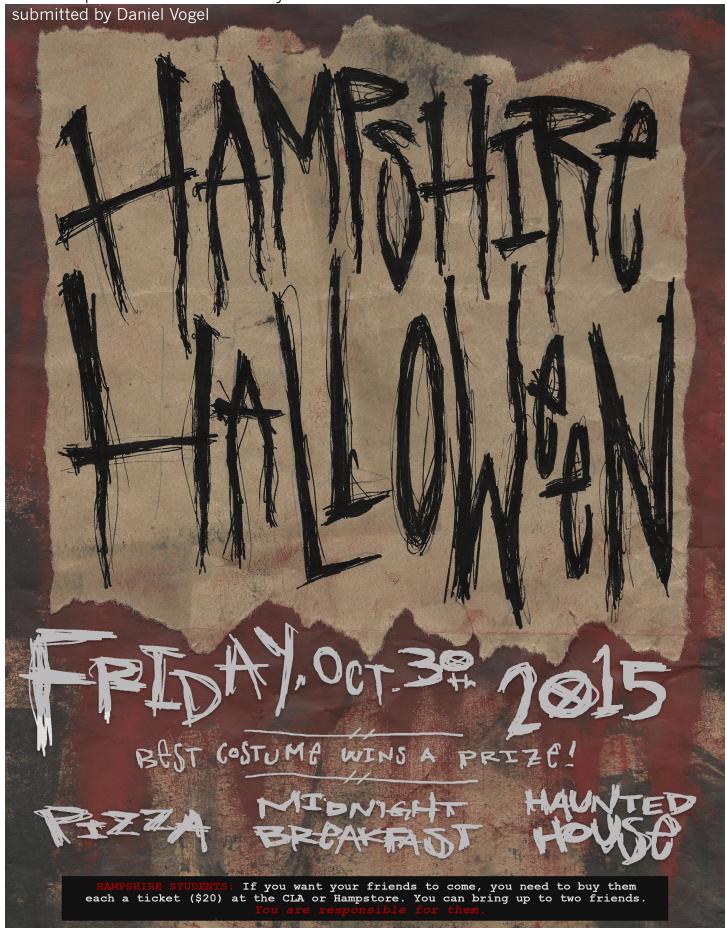
Oh man this is heavy, and by heavy I mean depressing. But hey we do have self-driving cars, and I lied about the self-lacing sneakers but I think they're not going to release until next year. We have kinda working hover-boards, which is pretty rad in my opinion.

But yeah, I wished more people could've related to Back to the Future Day and came to the event at the Hampshire Mall.



submitted by Alex de Strulle <^

this is the poster for halloween this year



Submitted by Shelley Rosen

Attention: Hampshire has been too disorganized for too long.

It is time for us to have some standards.

The Hampshire Organization for Standards, a subset of the International Organization for Standards (ISO) has been established to establish and publicize standards.

HSO

In our catalog of standards you will find such useful standards as:

HSO 778492: Standards for Length of Class Sessions

HSO 212041-N: Standards for stacking dishes at SAGA

HSO 5848222-L: Standards for proper coverage of dietary needs at events

HSO 134-PPP-231: Standards for personal hygiene before coming to class

HSO 4191: Standards for Healthy Involvement In Campus Politics

HSO 5782: Standards for acceptable hygiene practices to perform during class

HSO 12-F: Standard timeline of jadedness levels for students

HSO 3982: Standards for HSO standard formatting

HSO 557482882: Standard half-life length of the Climax

HSO 37492: Standard term length before HSU members quit

HSO 55582: Standards for Arson

HSO 55582-B: Standards for Burning the Kern Center to the ground

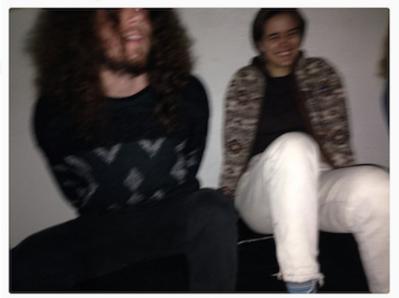
HSO 1978293: Standards for personal frequency of submitting to the omen

For the logic-impaired:



NOT your choice.

tapeworms submitted by the classic back-of-the-police-wagon-handcuffed-badflash-in-the-dark shot #WestRoxbury #stopspectra #WestRoxbury12



















Survivors Approach Relationships Differently

A lot of people often talk about how abusers and perpetrators of sexual violence shouldn't just be ostracized entirely and if you aren't involved in whatever happened that it's actually better to maintain relationships with someone else's abuser especially if you're trying to reform them. That we should still put effort into these relationships.

I don't entirely disagree? Except there's one big big thing that people tend to miss out on when they talk about this:

Survivors of sexual violence tend to view relationships a little differently. For a lot of us, everyone starts being attached to a potential to cause harm. How safe are they? Even if we feel that someone would never hurt us directly, knowing that they have perpetuated sexual violence against someone else can make us incredibly incredibly uncomfortable around those people.

I often have a hard time advocating for myself in these situations. I know that theoretically humans are complicated etc. etc. and I'm completely irrational by being uncomfortable around people in my community who I know have perpetuated sexual violence even when it's none of my business, theoretically.



But that's not how it works! You know? I'm uncomfortable around perpetrators. Sometimes I try to put effort into those relationships and I understand that other people I know might try but that doesn't change that I'm a survivor and when I see these people my brain just shouts Danger Danger Danger.

How can I hold anything but contempt? How can I just pretend everything is fine? I want to protect myself and everyone I know from these people even though I also trust the people I know to protect themselves.

I know that abusers and perpetrators of sexual violence aren't animals, but legit people. That they have made mistakes and can be trying to reform. But I don't think it's reasonable to hold survivors to that. I think it's so understandable for us to say listen, to feel safe in X Y or Z space, it can't have known perpetrators of sexual violence prominently in it, especially repeat offenders who constantly defend themselves.

Ugh idk it's v frustrating to exist in communities and stuff i guess idk im just a #CultSurvivor (did i mention that in the omen yet? im a cult survivor) #AbuseSurvivor #RapeSurvivor and my lens is so distorted by that i think it qualifies as a disorder i guess idk srry bye haps halloween n stuff

submitted by Shelley Rosen



The Omen · Volume 45, Issue 3

I <3 Men

Nothing makes my heart go thump thump Like a man in mourning

I hear their tears make a fine lotion,

Used to treat arthritis and other ailments

Nothing makes my heart go boom boom

Like the swish of masculine hips on the dance floor

I hear their abdomen is filled with tiny bells

Used to let crowds know when they have arrived

Nothing fills my heart with cancerous bliss

Like Poetry spun from masculine lips

I hear they weave their words like spiders weave their webs,

With the intent to trap prey,

Wrap them in a cocoon of their own bodily material,

Liquify their insides,

And then drink them through a straw,

Like a pina colata

17 submitted by Joseph Dromboski

"The Skull crushing, leaves rustling pubes. Men Existed. A skeleton creaked fence."

This spooky story by:

Grace

E



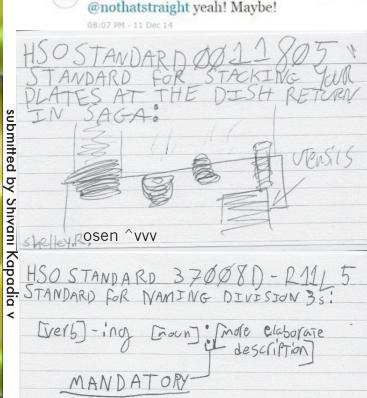
Volume 45, Issue 3 · The Omen

submitted by B Corfman

B Corfman,

Hampshire Climax replied to your Tweet!





3 Nouns Selarated by Commus & an amper sund may replace either ante Colonic Phrase or Post Colonic Phrase, not both







The Omen · Volume 45, Issue 3

SUICIDE!

A FOT!

I'S A BOUT THAT!

& MENTAL HEALTH &

VARK THUGHTS &

PDS & ABUSE &

U)E & A LOT of

DEATH:

SORRY

I see a Wall or Voices
in a Collage Telling me
They like me, "wow, These
people might genuinely and
about me. - "Too bad
I'm Johna Kill myself"
A conversation
2 parts
a poem

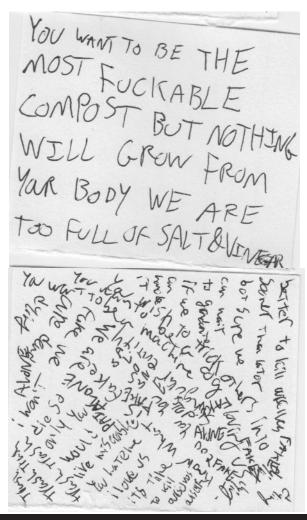
by Sletter R-

Part 2

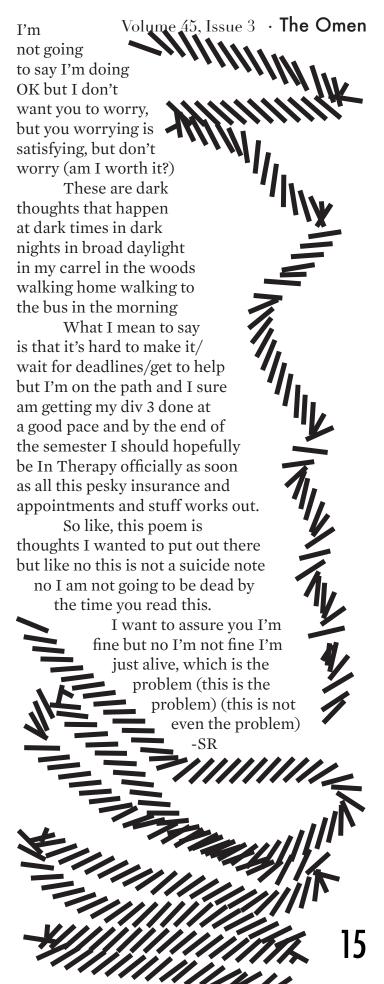
Part 1

THEY HAVE TO THINK IT WORKS SO THEY KEEP TRYING I HAVE TO HAVE ANSWERS SO I AM USEFUL SO NOBODY LEAVES (me ignin)

lawfe fake i am hovest we would law the love & attention from a failed scicide attempt the only reusan I'r afraid 'ver don't want to go on weaton leave to don't want to be one of "those people" who takes more than & years well ye friends are those people & you still see then but ther's a right we were ab-used but ther's a right way to use us. tool







How many hours per week do you spend preparing for this course? 2.3

Doing what?

Reading, writing the papers, stressing about meetings with

Describe the instructor's teaching style. You might want to address the following points:

-Approachability, one-on-one interaction, feedback, evaluation?

-Instructor's sensitivity to different students' intellectual abilities, learning styles;

-Does the instructor welcomes alternative opinions?

-Does instructor seem genuinely interested in students?

-Is this style easy or difficult to learn from?

Lynn is a near grompy old man. He is furnit at times and he is extremely well read in his field, However, he is hard to disagree with because he is arrogant and indifferent. Papers come back with no positive comments and Lynn is the opposite of motivating"

Describe the number and types of reading assignments, exams, papers, projects, presentations, etc. used for evaluation in this course. Are these assignments relevant to the course goals? Are the course goals being fulfilled?

We read most of two 2-300 page books. These are interesting but tedrous. To do the final paper, you must read and understand fairly technical primary literature.

What are the best and worst things about the course?

BEST: Lynn is good to laugh at
and The material is relatively

wheresting.

WORST: Lynn is mean and unreasonable. If you are intimidated easily, run away.

How could the course be strengthened?

Lynn could get a better outlook on life. He could attempt to complement people and be more patient.

Any additional comments?

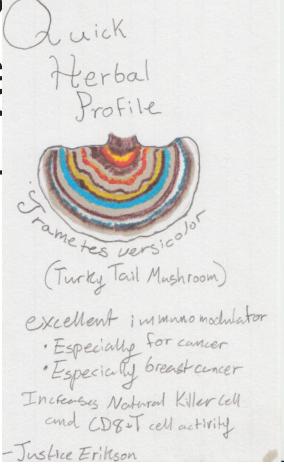
Lynn is old, he should retire.

CAPTION CONTEST!

submit your
"brilliant"
and
"witty"
captions to
the omen



ANSWER KEY TO NEXT ISSUE'S SUDOKU!
-Chloe





The Omen \cdot Volume 45, Issue 3



List of Possible Spring Classes By Shannon Kennedy

- 2Chainz vs 2Pac: The Legitmacy of Rap
- Incidental Music: Feminist Theory Through Background Music
- Intro to Hippopotamus Glands
- Hopscotch and Popsicles: The Art of Chalk Art
- Why Does Every College Kid Have a Mac?: Questions of the Middle Class
- WHAT ARE THOOOOSE?: How Memes Affect Culture
- Integument-scary: The Integumentary System as Viewed Through 18-Century Literature
- Back to the Future: Then vs Now
- Butts butts: How Tina Belcher Changed Feminism
- Through the Lens of the Lens of the Lens: A Look at Photographs of Magnifying Glasses
- Intro to Fuckboys
- Intro to Vine Production
- Intro to Intro Classes
- Shut the Fuck Up: Why Millenials Won't Stop Talking
- Shut the Fuck Up 200: Why Old People Won't Stop Talking About Millenials

• Onions Have Layers! Feminism as Viewed Through A. cepa

Why You're Wrong: A Look at First Year Tutorials

Childhood Indignance: A Look at College Freshman

sometimes i look at a horoscope and i want to claw off my skin and scream leave me alone

i'm not even much of a capricorn but they always find out who i am

(mercury is in retrograde. things have not been going well)

-M. Holbrook

Soooo you can only buy 1350 tree frogs with the new cheaper updated Halloween Budget??? C'mon FundCom that's so not fair. It's just not Hampshire Halloween without at least 3000 tree frogs! IMHO this is a nonnegotiable expense. Like, what else is the money even going to besides frogs??? You're being so stingy. It's a good thing I heard a rumor the DOS is giving an additional \$20k to the budget. 2350 tree frogs isn't quite ideal but it's better than 1350. Like, 1350 is only one \$20 tree frog per student. Last year we had at least 2 frogs per student, and some extras since not all students are so into the whole frog thing to use 3 whole frogs, whereas other students might want to use 3 frog. But we could all be sure of getting at least two!



What else are we cutting? The torrential rain of boiling blood? The 13 assassins to go around killing first-borns? The lice?! The napalm?! It's just not Halloween when you can't even afford to completely demolish campus with napalm using the budget. Right?

Like, this budget is basically only enough to throw a reasonably large campus-wide community event?? With just one frog per person?! Ugh whatever, I guess we don't need cattle disease to party anyway. That haunted house sounds cool though. Pretty pumped for that.

~Shelley R. (!)

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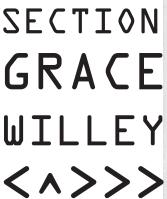
Grace Willey





Volume 45, Issue 3 · The Omen Grace Willey.







OH! YOU MARIE!

Marie Lloyd is making quite a hit with some ADAM and EVE stuff. It may be vulgar and our dear Mayor and some of our other City Officials may not like it; but the fashion in those days was different than it is now.

Well, Marie, we'll forgive you this time, only don't let it happen again. You may go as far as you like, only please don't get vulgar or naughty, or our City Fathers may give you the Kibosh.

I've got no time to do stunts like this. I'm so busy papering rooms for \$3.50 each.

W. B. JENNISON & CO.

823 Dunsmuir St. Phone Sey. 3058



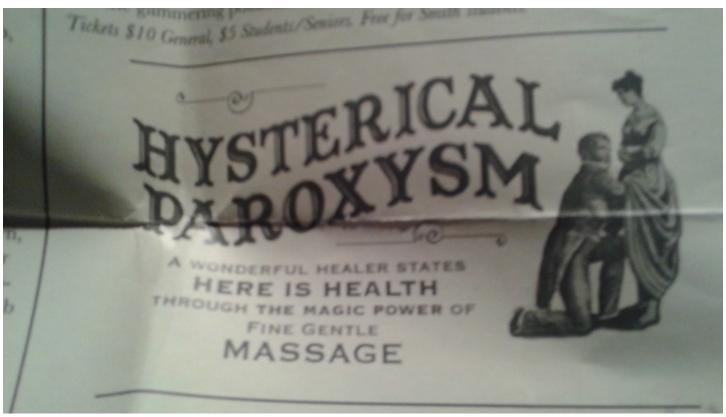






Coffee is too powerful a stimulant for children

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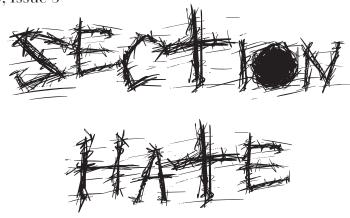


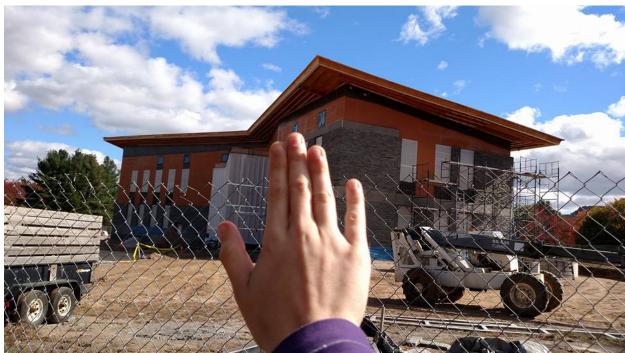






The Omen \cdot Volume 45, Issue 3





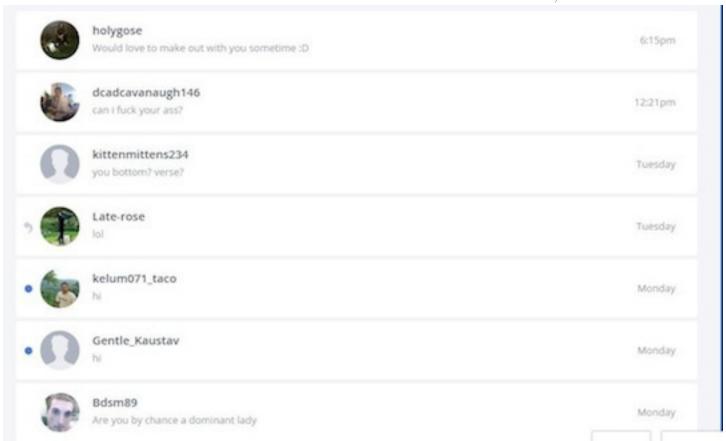
#spurnkern

Submitted by B Corfman

#returnkern



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B Corfman



[DEATH TO THE CLIMAX] please

Maisie Kaiser 14 From



Date

2014-04-22 22:02

remove me please, please

omen mailing list

omen@lists.hampshire.edu

https://lists.hampshire.edu/mailman/listinfo/omen

submitted by B Corfman ^v





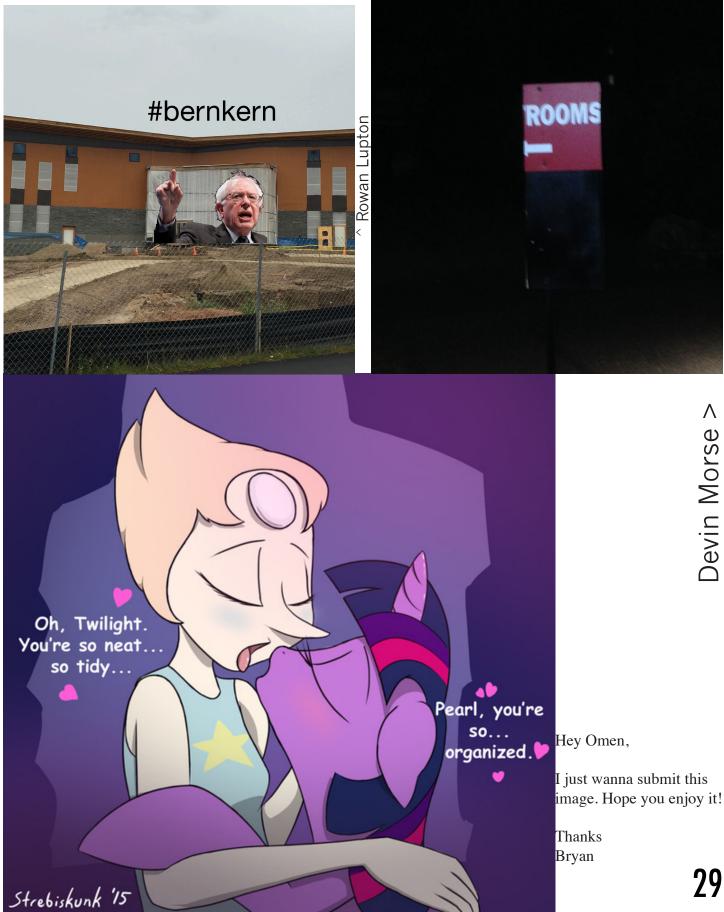
omen unsubscribe notification

From mailman-bounces@lists.hampshire.edu

butts@butts.com has been removed from omen.

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Submitted by Shelley Rosen

Hampshire Halloween Wordsearch

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spooky
              jucfkilui
                                                party
           dihmodhabaj
                                                music
        kleeubndyresimauc
                                                superhero
                                                condoms
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                                                racistcostumes
                                               ThatTimeJLashWoreATransmisogynistCostume
                   d b u
                                               ButThatWasBeforeCaitSoWeDon'tCareIGuess
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From/submitted by: Jonathan Gardner <jrg11@hampshire.edu> ▼ Edit identities

Jonathan Gardner <jrg11@hampshire.edu>

butts <buts@butts.edu>

JGARDZ <jgardz@hampshire.edu>

Add Followup-To



Did not intend to send the same picture twice, I intended to also include this picture. However knowing you you'll probably post the picture twice along with the contents of this e-mail I'm writing right now.



Anyway the first picture is of the very sassy person in the 39 bus warning sign.

HAMPSHIRE HALLOWEEN CHECKLIST:

IS YOUR COSTUME RACIST?

Would I be embarrassed or ashamed if someone from the group I'm portraying saw me wearing this?

Check yourself and your friends – your costume can have unintended negative effects!

- Is my costume supposed to be funny? Is the humor based on making fun of real people, human traits, or cultures?
- Does my costume represent a culture that is not my own?
- Does my costume reduce cultural differences to jokes or stereotypes?
- Does my costume packaging include the words "traditional", "ethnic", "colonial", "cultural", "authentic", or "tribal"?
- Does my costume perpetuate stereotypes, misinformation, or historical and cultural inaccuracies?

Based on similar initiatives from Northwestern University (finyurl.com/NUList) and Amanda Hess of Washington City Paper (finyurl.com/WCP-HW). For more information, contact could hampshire edu.



IF YOU COULD TURN ANY
MOVIE, TV SHOW, HISTORICAL
EVENT, ETC INTO A PORNO,
WHAT WOULD IT BE *
WHAT WOULD YOU CALL IT?

a: Jur Ass is Where I Park (Jurassic Park)

> a: WATERLUBE (Waterloo)

a: A Wet Dream on Elm Street (A Nightmare on Elm Street)

a: Treat of Westphallus 6: THE SOVEREIGN GAPENING (Treaty of Westphalia)

a: bowser x smoky the bear

a: bowser and ur mom

a: ur mom and ur other mom

a: Myself and my clone

a: Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin spitroasting Justin Bieber

a: Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin spitroasting Justin Timberlake

a: Thomas Jefferson and Ben Franklin s************g Anderson Cooper

IF YOU COULD PUT ANY

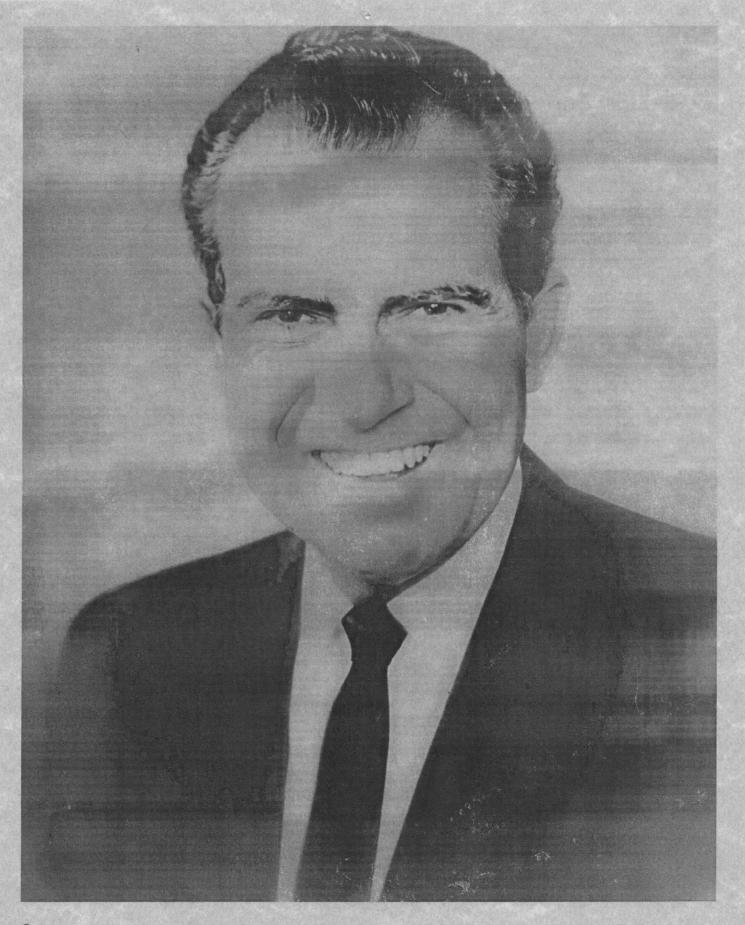
2 PEOPLE (DEAD, ALIVE,

2 PEOPLE (DEAD, ALIVE,

1 TOGETHER

NHO WOULD

NO CHOOSE?



F. STEWART-TAYLOR: EDITRIX 52012-F2013